

# KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN SAID "NEVER MIND THE QUEEN, MY CHILD," AND HELPED HIS SON'S WIFE TO ATTEND THE MASQUERADE BALL



Queen Sophia



Prince Carl and Princess Ingeborg of Sweden and Norway



King Oscar

THE Swedish Court, until recently, has been rather dull. The king, who likes to see people enjoy themselves, is an aged man, busy with State affairs; the queen is devoted entirely to religious and charitable work, and the princes have grown up to serious men.

But this has changed considerably since Prince Karl, the third son of King Oscar, three years ago married Princess Ingeborg, of Denmark, daughter of Crown Prince Frederick. Then she was only 18, a bright and joyful girl, who did not like at all the rather frosty social atmosphere of her new home. She liked to enjoy herself, to have young and pleasant people about her, and she soon succeeded in carrying out her plans, though she found it difficult in the beginning.

Princess Ingeborg is now known as the sunbeam of the Swedish court. Queen Sophia at first rather looked askance at her daughter-in-law, and once when the young princess declared her intention of going to a military masquerade ball, the queen became very angry.

"I won't allow you to go, Ingeborg!" she said. "It is a sin!" Her eyes filled with tears, but the princess went right away to King Oscar. "Oh," she sobbed, "I am so sorry. As the head of the regiment Karl must go to the ball, and he had promised to take me with him. But now, I really don't dare go, because the Queen thinks it wrong."

The King kissed his pretty daughter-in-law. "Yes," he said, "the Queen has got her

principles and—and—but don't worry, Ingeborg. I'll see what I can do."

The day of the ball the Princess had a faint hope that the King might interfere, but she heard nothing from him, and the time had come to start for the ball.

"I'll be home early," Prince Karl said, as he kissed his wife farewell. "I would rather not go without you, but it is my duty and you understand."

"Yes, I hope you will enjoy the ball, Charles," the Princess answered, although she was much put out over her disappointment. She went to her boudoir, locking the door in rather bad humor. She was but eighteen, and at the masquerade her husband would dance, while she—

"Your Royal Highness, the King wishes to see you."

Princess Ingeborg opened the door. The King stood with a smile, half-hidden by his beard.

"You are alone?" he asked. "Yes; Charles has gone already. But what does this mean?" asked the Princess, pointing at a large paper box on the floor in the hallway.

"You must see for yourself, Ingeborg," answered the King. The Princess, very curious, cut the strings and opened the box. With a cry of joy she took up a dainty garment of white silk and lace. It was the nicest disguise for a fairy the Princess had ever seen.

The King laughed. "Just put it on, Ingeborg," he said. "Within half an hour I'll send a private

carriage with Countess Douglass to bring you to the ball. I'll wait here to see you ready."

"But the Queen?" stammered the Princess, with some hesitancy.

"Never mind the Queen, my child. Should it come to the worst, I can settle it with a few thousands of crowns to Her Majesty's charities, I guess."

When the Princess came out again in her costume, King Oscar clapped his hands. "Handsome, very handsome! How lovely you are, my daughter!" said he. "But, Your Majesty, how about this costume?"

"It is my secret. Well, enjoy yourself now, and don't forget to have a little fun with Karl," and he saw her started for the ball.

In the hall room Prince Karl stood in

a corner, talking with the Chief of the General Staff. A little fairy, all in shimmering white, came to him.

"A dance, if you please, Prince," she whispered. The Prince kissed the fairy's hand.

"You must excuse me, my pretty fairy, but I don't dance to-night," said he.

"Why not, Prince?" "Why, to tell the truth, I have not my Princess here and—"

ball.

"It was a pretty hard job to get the costume," he said. "I had almost to command. Madame Lundin made all kinds of excuses. She had to get a black silk dress ready for the Queen. Well, I commanded her to lay it aside for my little fairy's sake. I had made up my mind that Ingeborg should go to the carnival. And now she is there."

"And what about—" said Count Lagerberg.

"About the Queen?" "No, Your Majesty. I meant, of course, Madame Lundin."

"Well, I have to give her 'Literis et artibus' on my next birthday. I suppose," said the King. "It is not too much, for she will have trouble with the Queen. And so will I," he added, with a chuckle.

## RUSSIA FEARS JIU-JITSU AS MUCH AS THE RIFLES AND SWORDS OF JAPAN

Sentries at Lone Outposts of the Czar's Army the Object of Attack.



Japanese athletes awaiting the word of the referee to engage in a contest of jiu-jitsu, from which one of them will probably emerge maimed.

WHEN the Russian meets the Japanese, his traditional foe, face to face in the battles of Northern Korea or Eastern Manchuria, the Muscovite will discover a new and subtle science on the part of his yellow adversary that will mystify him as much as it will terrify him. This is the jiu-jitsu, or art of muscle wrenching. The Japanese carries this mysterious science into every detail of his daily life, and he uses it, or its spiritual affinity, in everything that he does.

In common, everyday fighting it consists of leading his adversary to exert every atom of his strength in some movement designed to overthrow his enemy, and then by suddenly giving way at the crucial moment, cause his enemy to break a bone or sprain a muscle that thereupon becomes useless.

In the sudden attack upon Port Arthur and the frequent drawing off of

the Japanese fleet at critical moments to return at a new angle the students of the jiu-jitsu in America saw the underlying principle of this mysterious science practised in the battle of the fleets and forts.

Every boy in Japan from his cradle practices the science of jiu-jitsu, and aside from the quickness and the unexpected strength it gives to unusual muscles, it develops a constitution and muscular strength in the men of Japan that is not found in any other race in the world.

The idea is commonly held by people who live in western countries that the Japanese is small, frail and weak. That is not so. The Japanese soldier and policeman is a bundle of strong, hardy muscles that are in every way the equal of the tall and brawny northern soldier of the Polish, Finnish or Siberian manhood of the Russian army.

As a matter of fact the Japanese fighter is the superior of even the American pugilist in the ring. The American boxer goes into the arena to meet his Japanese adversary with the idea fixed in his mind that heavy blows are the way to overcome and kill his enemy. The hardy little Japanese fighter of the jiu-jitsu school rushes in under the guard of the boxer, seizes the adversary's arm in the throat of the big man, and by pressing it with his finger tips causes the most excruciating pain the brawny American has ever experienced.

The student of jiu-jitsu commences his years of training by studying his own body to find out where its weak places are. He discovers that just below the lobes of his ears, for instance, there are two weak places that cannot bear the least little pressure.

He discovers that a sharp blow with the edge of the hand on the spine at the base of the brain will instantly cause unconsciousness and that a heavy blow will snap the spine as if it were a pipe stem. There are no such things as fables in the jiu-jitsu. A punch in the stomach with the knee instantly puts the strongest man out of business, but in a hand-to-hand struggle with the sentries of Russian camps in the darkness of Manchurian nights it is doubtful if the big Russian soldier would remember this.

On the other hand, the Japanese spy, wriggling his way among the sentries to the very edge of the campfires, knows just what quick and lightning-like blows will keel over his armed enemy without a word and allow him to go on his way without danger of discovery.

In the war with China this subtle art of fighting, carried out in everything that the Japanese did, so consternated the yellow Orientals of China that sentry duty became the one thing that thoroughly terrified the Chinese soldiers of the regular army.

## Wild Marauders of Central Park.

YOU wouldn't think, now, would you, that we would have more trouble keeping animals out of the Central Park Zoo than in it?" asked Keeper Bill Snyder the other day.

"Eagles and hawks give us the greatest trouble. They swoop down out of the blue and carry off squirrels, pet goats, high-priced mountain sheep and even attack the eagles in the cages. Eagles are great fighters."

"I suppose that the eagles look down upon the curious little city of New York and wonder what it is, as they sail past it in the blue ether miles above. They drop down a few thousand feet, catch sight of a fat gray squirrel skimming across a lawn and like a bolt from heaven, with folded wings, swoop down upon the inoffensive little pet and carry it up with a great sweeping curve."

"Then there are the alligators! You wouldn't think that there were alliga-

tors in Central Park, but there are. Children bring them up from Florida and when they are big enough to scare the house servants they are carried over into the park and released, only to play the deuce with our ducks and swans."

"Foxes, also. We do not go after them with pink suits and thousand dollar horses and a pack of hounds, but every now and then we find the bloody feathers of a swan on the shore of the pond and know that another pet fox has been released in the park and is running wild."

"Skunks also worry us. I suppose that there were a few of them in the Park when it was originally turned into a people's playground, and they have remained there ever since, multiplying and living upon the squirrels and birds."

"Wild cats also give us a good deal of trouble. Pet cats deserted in the city find their way to the Park and go wild.

## HUNDREDS OF ELK STARVING IN THE JACKSON'S HOLE COUNTRY



A BUNCH OF ELK SNOWBOUND IN THE WYOMING BASIN.

JACKSON'S HOLE, the great basin in Wyoming surrounded by the Shoshone, Teton, Gros Ventre and Wind River ranges of the Rocky Mountain system, is the winter refuge of vast herds of deer, elk and antelope.

The basin is adjacent to the Yellowstone Park, but it is not included in any Government reserve, and the wild animals that seek refuge there are accorded only such protection as the State of Wyoming can afford under the game laws.

The ruminant animals are driven out of their summer haunts in the mountains by the snows of winter, and are forced to congregate in the valley, where the snow is not usually so deep but that some scant grazing can be had by pawing it away.

The supply of food is insufficient for the herds, however, because Jackson's Hole has been discovered by haymakers, who cut the grass in summer, and unless the boundaries of Yellowstone Park are extended to take in the basin and so preserve the winter range for the wild animals the great bands of elk will disappear like the buffalo from the face of the earth.

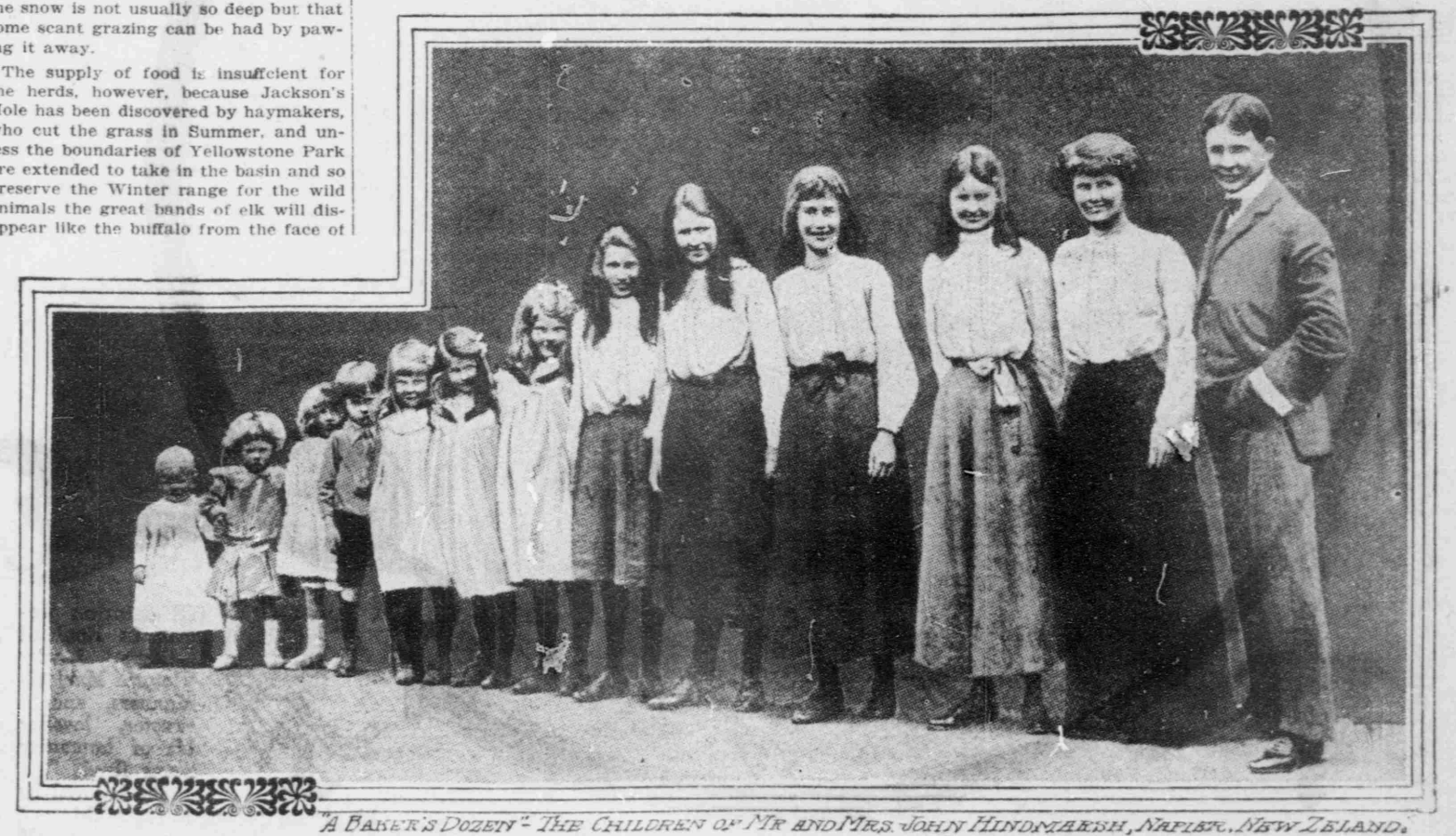
Hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of elk are shown in the pictures taken by camera hunters.

Buffalo Jones, who is Government guardian of the animals in the Yellowstone forest reserve, reports that the cougars and coyotes are destroying large

numbers of the big deer, and that there is an alarming scarcity of bulls.

S. N. Leek, the best known guide in Wyoming, confirms Buffalo Jones and shows photographs, taken by himself, in which appear hundreds of cows to one bull in a herd.

## NO RACE SUICIDE IN THIS NEW ZEALAND FAMILY



A BAKER'S DOZEN—THE CHILDREN OF MR AND MRS JOHN HINDMARSH, NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND.